

*Ste.* Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

*Tri.* Thy grace shall haue it. (*meane*)

*Cal.* The dropie drowne this fool, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone  
And doe the murther first: if he awake,  
From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make vs strange stuffe.

*Ste.* Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

*Tri.* Doe, doe; we steale by lynce and leuell, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that iest; heere's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

*Tri.* *Monster*, come put some Linie vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* *Monster*, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hog's head of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

*Tri.* And this.

*Ste.* I, and this.

*A noise of Hunters beards. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey Mountaine, hey.

*Ari.* *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

*Ari.* Harke, they rore.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

### Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

*Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.*

*Pro.* Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vp right with his carriage: how's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,

When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir

In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King,

His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them,

Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From caues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,

One of their kinde, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?

Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie

Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*,

My Charmes Ile breake, their senses Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye Blues of hills, brooks, standing lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote

Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that

By Moone-shine doe the Greene sower Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfew, by whose ayde

(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,

And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder

Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Iones* stowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie

Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke

I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do)

To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my Raffe,

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummer found

Ile drowne my booke. *Solemn musick.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmd: which Prospero obseruing, speaks.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsettled fancie, Cure thy braines

(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine

Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night

(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo* My true preferuer, and a loyall Sir,

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,

Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian* (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee, Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me: *Ariel*,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will disease me, and my selfe present

As I was sometime *Mikame*: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee sucks; there suck I,  
In a Cowslips bell, I lie;

There I couch when Owles doe crie,  
On the Batt's backe I doe flie

after Sommer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I line now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

*Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall misse Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so.

To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art, There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe

Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pre'thee.

*Ari.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide vs Out of this fearefull Country.

*Pro.* Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of *Mallaine*, *Prospero*: For more assurance that a liuing Prince

Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body, And to thee, and thy Company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

*Al.* Where thou bee'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

(As late I haue bene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,

Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue

(And if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero* Be liuing, and be heere?

*Pro.* First, noble Friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be, Or be not, Ile not sweare.

*Pro.* You doe yet taste Some subtilties o'th'Isle, that will not let you

Beleeue things certaine: Well come, my friends all, But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded

I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you And iustifie you Traitors: at this time

I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* The Diuell speaks in him:

*Pro.* No:

For you (most wicked Would euen infect m

Thy rankest fault; all My Dukedome of the

Thou must restore.

*Al.* If thou bee'st

Giue vs particulars of How thou hast met vs

Were wrackt vpon this (How sharp the point

My deere sonne *Ferdin*

*Pro.* I am woe for

*Al.* Irreparable is

Saies, it is past her cure

*Pro.* I rather thinke

You haue not sought h

For the like losse, I ha

And rest my selfe contr

*Al.* You the like

*Pro.* As great to m

To make the deere losse

Then you may call to c

Haue lost my daughter

*Al.* A daughter?

On heauens, that they

The King and Queene

My selfe were muddled

Where my sonne lies: v

*Pro.* In this last Tem

At this encounter doe

That they deuoure thei

Their eies doe offices o

Are naturall breath: b

Beene iustled from you

That I am *Prospero*, and

Which was thrust forth

Vpon this shore (where

To be the Lord on't: No

For 'tis a Chronicle of

Not a relation for a bre

Befitting this first meet

This Cell's my Court: I

And Subiects none abro

My Dukedome since yo

I will requite you with

At least bring forth a w

As much, as me my Du

Here *Prospero* disco

ing at Ghesse.

*Mr.* Sweet Lord, y

*Fer.* No my dearest

I would not for the wo

*Mr.* Yes, for a sec

And I would call it faire

*Al.* If this proue

A vision of the Island, o

Shall I twice loose.

*Seb.* A most high m

*Fer.* Though the Se

I haue curs'd them with

*Al.* Now all the bl

Of a glad father, compa

Arise, and say how thou

*Mr.* O wonder!

How many goodly crea

How beauteous mankin